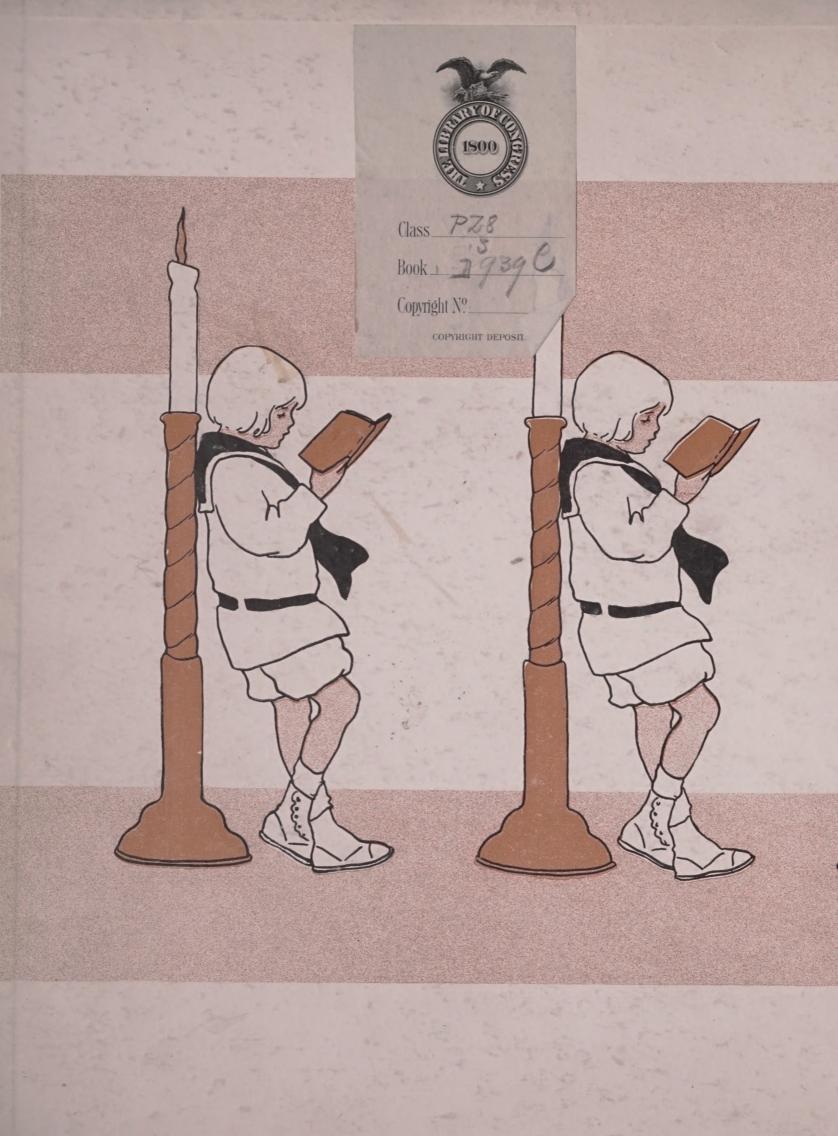
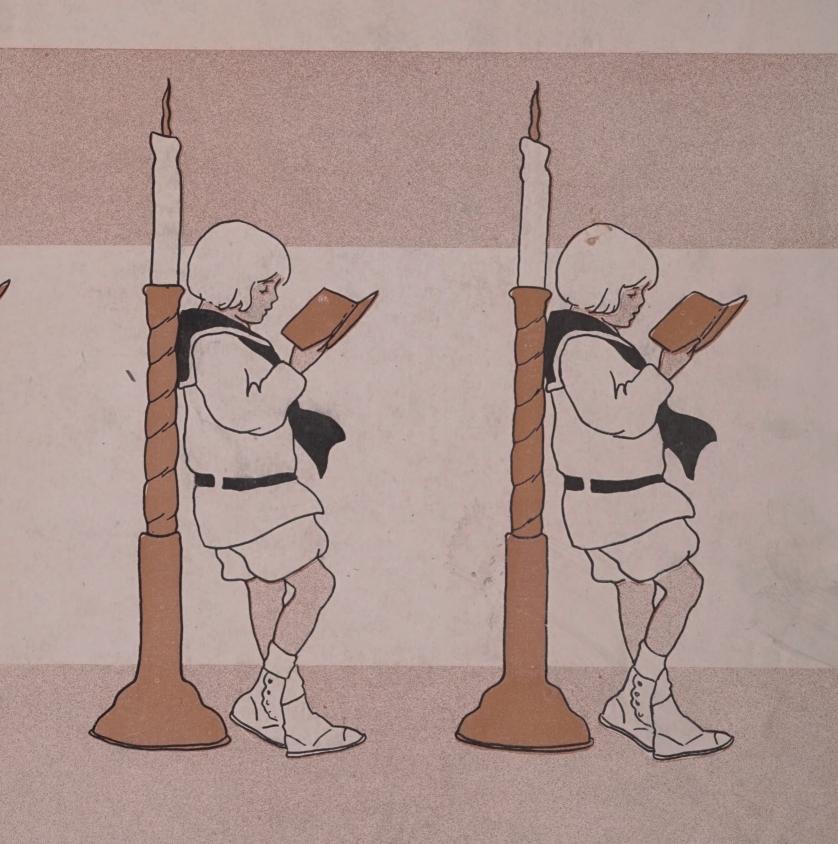
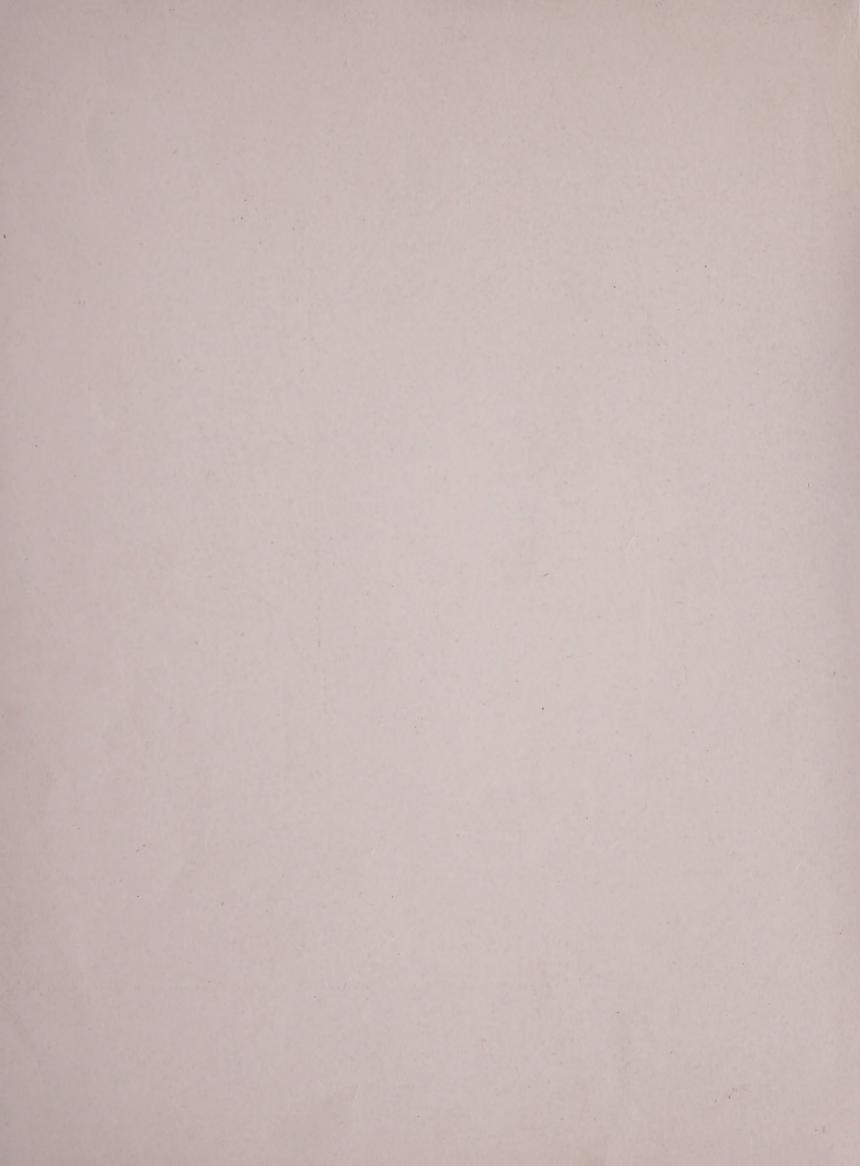
# CandleLight

Georgia Roberts Durston
With Illustrations By
Katharine Greenland







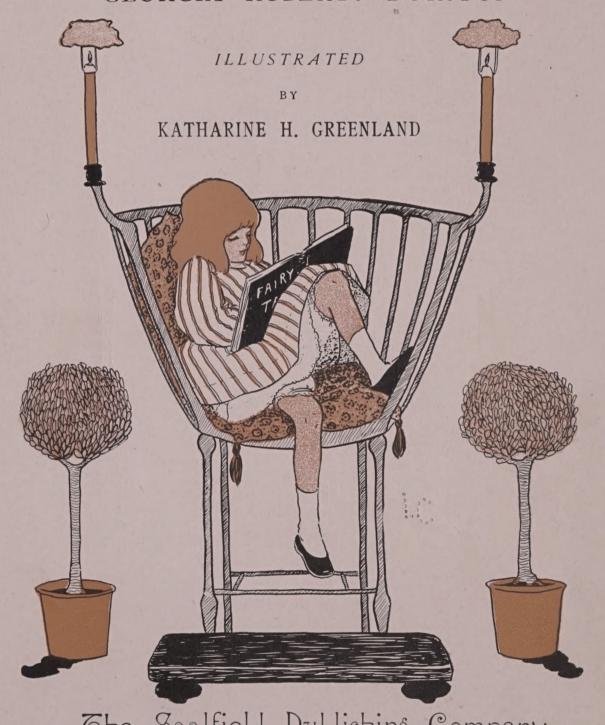






# CANDLE LIGHT

GEORGIA ROBERTS DURSTON



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CHICAGO AKRON, OHIO NEW YORK

27 so



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AKRON, OHIO



#### To My Dear Little Daughter:

YOU, WHOSE BABY LIPS HAVE SAID SWEETER THINGS THAN EYE HAS READ, YOU, WHOSE SMILE DISPELS THE GLOOM, MAKING SUNSHINE IN THE ROOM, IN THE MUSIC OF WHOSE VOICE TENDER CADENCES REJOICE, TAKE, BELOVED, THESE BITS OF RHYME, AND PERHAPS SOME LATER TIME IN YOUR MOTHER'S HEART, MOST DEAR, READ THE WORDS NOT WRITTEN HERE.



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# Candle Light

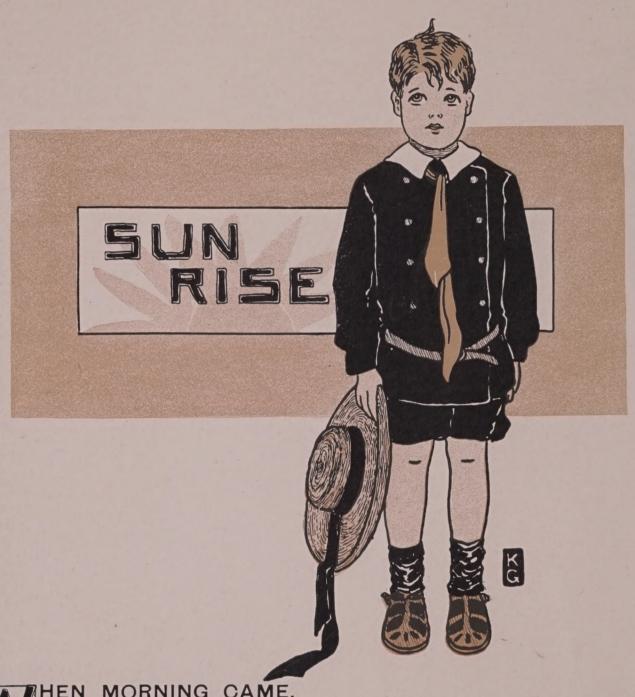


When summer comes, to bed I go
While yet the little moon is low,
And when my mother leaves, I say
"Don't take the candle quite away."
My mother laughs and says "Good-night,
You have the stars for candle light."

And then I play from every tree
The singing crickets sing to me—
I play the moon's a silver dish
Filled full of goodies if I wish.
I hear the night-hawk's funny cry
And play a fairy rides him by.

And then—and then I seem to hear
The cricket's song sound very queer,
The moon grows dim and dips and swings
As if it wore some silver wings
And then I sleep—all through the night
With just the stars for candle light.





HEN MORNING CAME,

I TRIED TO KEEP

MY EYE-LIDS DOWN

BUT COULDN'T SLEEP.

AND SO I DRESSED

AND WENT TO SEE

HOW OUT-OF-DOORS

WOULD LOOK TO ME.



#### Sun-Rise - Continued

WAS NOT IN SIGHT
AND LOTS OF CLOUDS
KEPT BACK THE LIGHT.

THE WORLD WAS DARK
AND LARGE AND OLD,
AND EVERYTHING
WAS STRANGE AND COLD.

AND THEN THE SKY

ALL TURNED TO ROSE,

IT LOOKED LIKE SONGS

THAT FATHER KNOWS.

THERE WAS NO SOUND
OF ANYTHING
YET I COULD FEEL
THE SUN-RISE SING.

AND SOMETHING BEAT
BENEATH MY COAT
AND SOMETHING CHOKED
MY LITTLE THROAT.

AND THEN A BIRD
SANG FAR AWAY
AND ALL THE WORLD
WAS FULL OF DAY.



I love to watch my poppies,

They make a splendid row,

I often stand beside them

Where I can see them grow.

They carry little party-bags

For what a poppy needs,

But fans are useless to them,

So they are full of seeds.

They all wear party dresses

Made up of finest silk,

And some are red as roses

And some as white as milk.

They're careful of their dresses

For when I look each day
I see the little creases

Where they were put away.





My Mother's color-box is twice
As large as mine and clean and nice,
With brushes just like kitten fur.
So soft, they scarcely make a blur,
And every time she paints with one,
A lovely picture will be done.

And yet, you'd be surprised to see
How proud my Mother is of me.
She says she *loves* the things I do,
She says I am an artist too,
And hangs her pictures up with mine,
All nice and even in a line.







# What Father Says



My Father says the stars are just

Big worlds, but far and far away

And made like this of rocks and dust.

It sort of scares me; so I play

That all the stars I see up there

Are fairy joss-sticks burning bright.

Why, don't you know, in summer-time

How sweet the air is in the night?

He says the moon's worn out and cold,

He tells me lots of things like these

That make me sorry to be told,

And so I fix them as I please.



# The Little Girl Who Was Not Afraid



DEAR little girl, whom I know of, one night Slipped from the campfire cosy and bright Away from us all, as we sat in the room, And ran to the lake lying hid in the gloom.

She looked at the sky, and she looked at the trees Waving their leaves at the breath of the breeze, The wee little waves sang a wee little air; Dark as it was she was glad to be there.

She never was lonely and never afraid, Night was like day to this dear little maid. She sat in the dark all alone in the boat Down by the shore where the lily pads float.

She couldn't help wishing that she could just go Down where the little fish swim to and fro, It surely would be a surprise to them all Having a strange little girl come to call.

And then, if she only had soft little wings
Up she would fly where the oriole swings,
She'd follow the queer little owls through the night
So she could see how they looked in the light.

She heard tiny twitters where, high in its nest, Some little bird was aroused from its rest, Awakened perhaps by the whip-poor-will's cry, Off in the clearing, so mournful and high.

And then in the starlight she presently heard Sweet little tones and a sweet little word, It must have been fairies or brownies or elves Whispering softly out there by themselves.

You see, there's a rule that a child may not hear Birds talk or fairies, who feels the least fear, But this little girl, when she came in to bed, Told us exactly what each of them said.









### The Bright Side

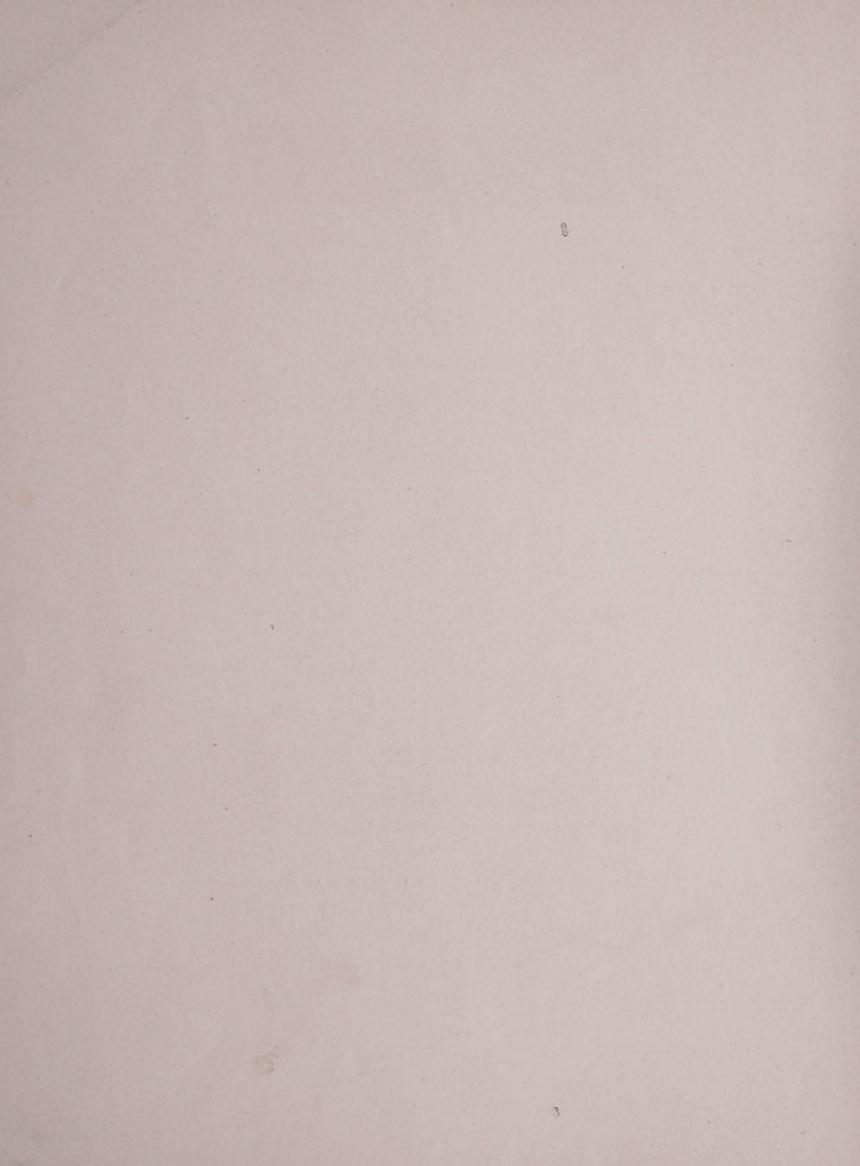


Before I was sick, they would cry "Run away,
O dear, but a boy is so noisy at play!"
And "Jam, no indeed," and "My dear, you must eat
The leg as you're told; you can't have all white
meat."

They sent me away when they served cakes and tea And never once saved half a cookie for me. 'Twas always so peaceful when I wasn't there They said, and I heard them, way out on the stair!

But now I've been sick, and it isn't the same,
There's every day some one to try a new game,
There's jelly, and flowers, and look at the toys!
And somehow, they seem to be pleased with my noise.

So when I get well, if they send me away
And hush me, and scold me, and won't let me play,
Although I mean mostly to do as I'm told,
I b'lieve I'll go sit in the rain and catch cold!



# Playing Golf

I HEARD my Father tell one day,
In learning golf the only way
To be expert
Was just to keep on practicing;
And if you didn't hit a thing
It wouldn't hurt.

And then, I also heard him tell

A way to learn to do it well

Was, take a mat

(The scratchy kind outside the hall)

And in the middle put your ball,

And drive from that.

I took the parlor rug, and set

A teacup from the cabinet

To make the tee.

But when I went to hit the ball,
I hit the cup and rug and all,

As you can see!

That glass looks funny broken so,
But Mother will be glad to know
That she can buy
A new one with a nicer rim.
This frame is old and queer and dim,
I'll tell you why.

The way they reckon, it appears,

We've had that glass two hundred years!

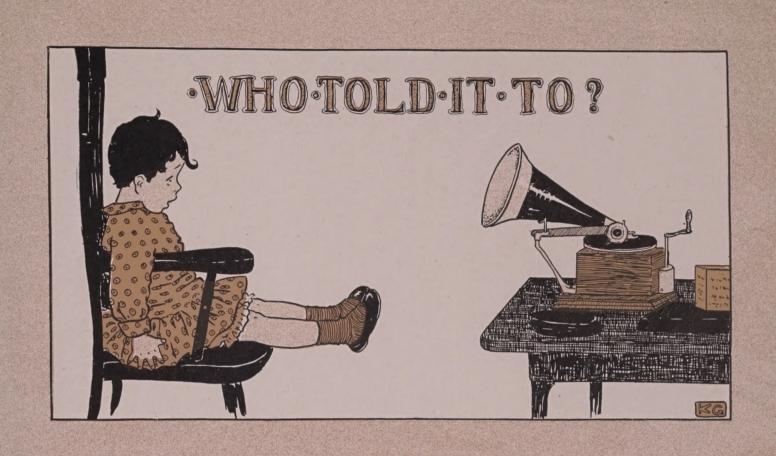
And so you see

Because I've gone and broken it,

They ought to feel a little bit

Obliged to me.





What do you think the Graphophone said?

It used to sing till one day, instead,

It spoke right out and began to say

The strangest things in the crossest way.

"Be good," it said, "You can if you try.

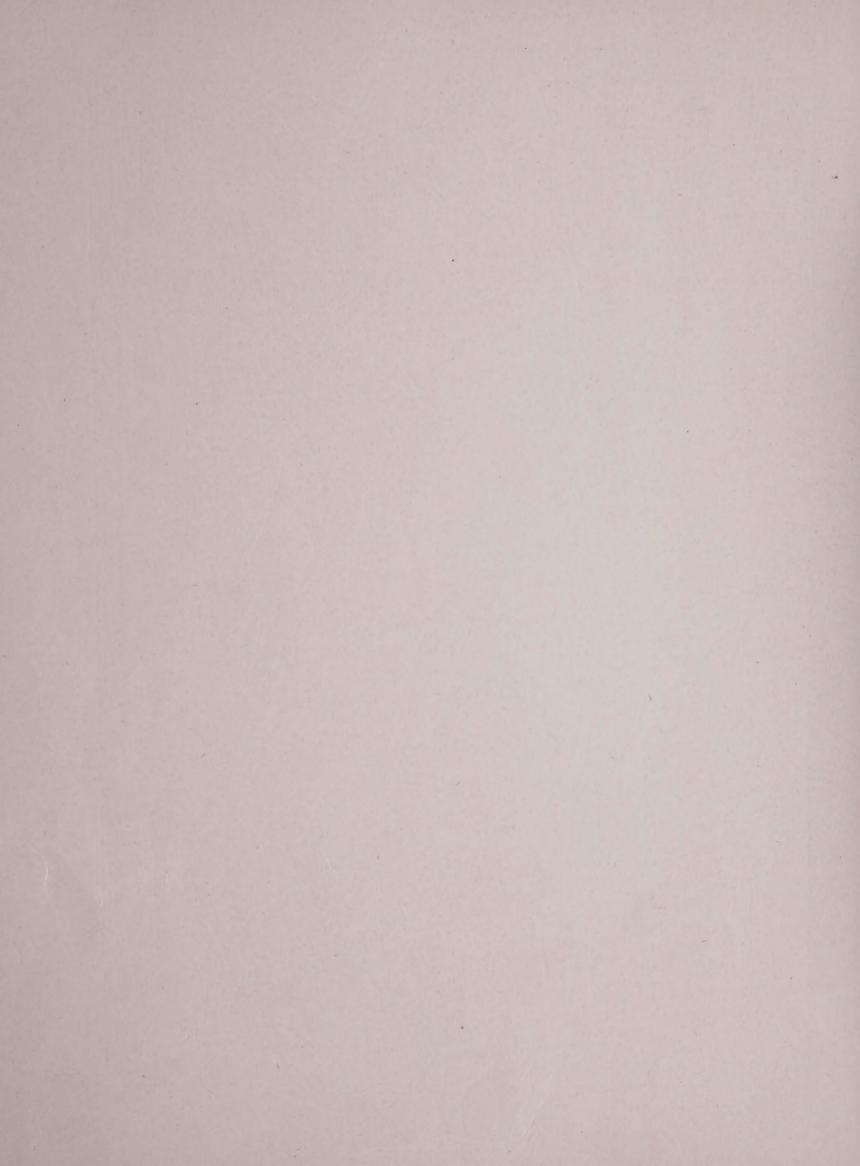
When bed-time comes, you must never cry.

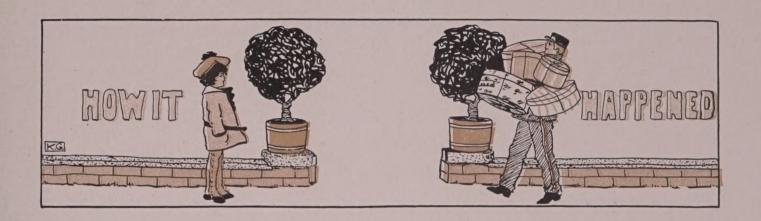
Be polite to your nurse and kind to the cat—"

—Now whoever told it to talk like that?







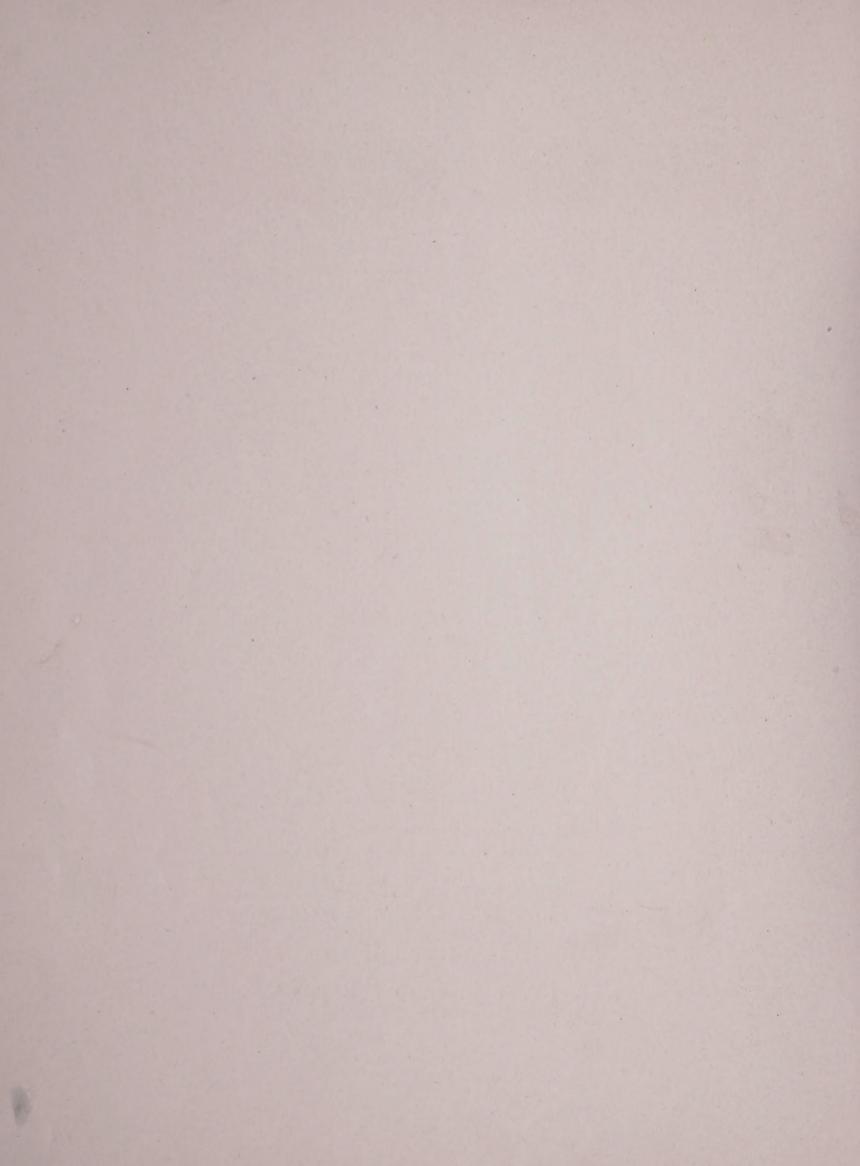


HEN I was coming through the gate
A boy with bundles called out "Wait,
I'm in a hurry, do you see?
I wish you'd take this box for me."

I said I would, and took the string
An' then it broke; the weak ol' thing!
Of course I peeked inside at that
An' saw the queerest looking hat.

I knew my Mother wouldn't wear Such looking feathers in her hair, With all that fuzzy stuff beside And little lace things stuck inside.

An' so I tied it in a tree,
Some bird will build in it may be.
Here! Don't you jog the box up so!
A toad's in there I'd have you know!



## The Melons

WAY last spring our gardener found Beside the barn some splendid ground.

And so he fixed a lovely square And planted seeds with greatest care.

They grew like mad; and first we knew The little melons came to view.

And resting where the vines had run, They swelled and ripened in the sun.

And John would say "Now ain't it queer I ain't seen one full ripe this year?

Fer when they come to table size, They disappear before my eyes."

I'll tell you why: down in the lot We had a den, a hidden spot,

Where all the time we used to play That we were wrecked, and cast away;

With nothing left for us to eat— No milk, nor buns, nor eggs, nor meat.

There were no folks in all that land, But melons grew on every hand.

A wizard owned the melon patch, So we were forced to sneak and snatch.

If we were caught, we played that he Would boil us up to make his tea!

We always shook for fear he'd find Our hidden pile of melon rind.

Of course, we had to do that way, Explaining would have spoiled the play.

That's where the melons used to go, I thought perhaps you'd like to know.





# Hunting





A little wooden gun
And a feather duster bird,
My! How the shot goes spatter, spatter, spat.
O, hunting is such fun,
And the latest thing, I've heard,
Is to have a pretty little pointer-cat.

# Good-Night



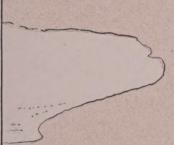
When Mother comes softly to bid me good-night Her eyes are like stars and her dress is all white, And over her shoulders are shimmery things That make me imagine my Mother has wings.

Her hair is like sunshine; she smells like a rose, There's whiffs of it always where ever she goes. O dear, when I'm grown how I hope I can be As sweet to my child as my Mother to me.









Now let's pretend this heap of sand

Is just a cavern in the sea,

And you feel through it with your hand

And softly hunt around for me.

Your hand must be a little crab,

And mine will be a wicked shark,

And when we meet I'll make a grab

And eat you quickly in the dark.

The shark is going to make a dive,
You can't escape if you should try.
Here goes, he's eating you alive,
And now whatever makes you cry!





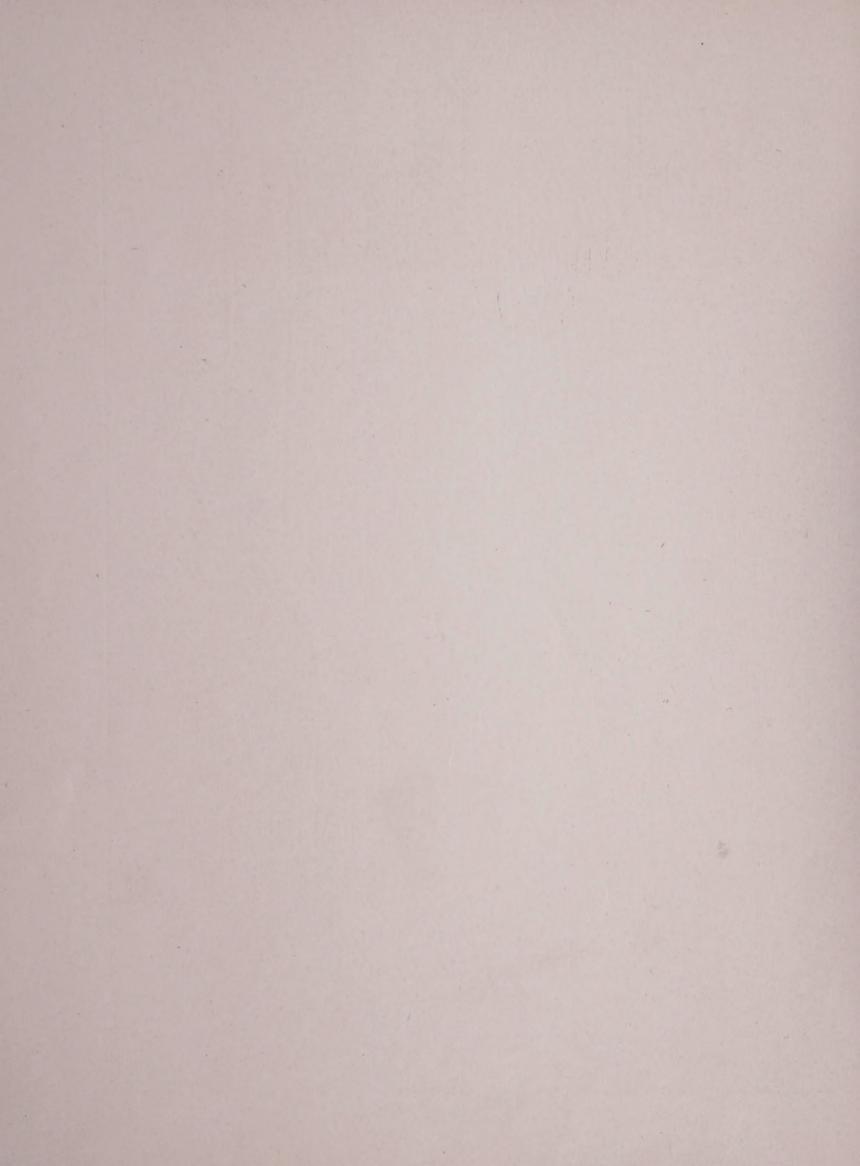
## Fourth of July \*\*\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

HE cat's in Mother's wardrobe hid Behind the lifted dress-box lid. The dogs? I just saw Bess and Joe Run off as fast as they could go— So scared when I let off the mine. It's boys who think the Fourth is fine. It seems to me I saved a year To get the fireworks you see here, I'm sure not many boys could go Without the things they wanted so, More lemonade than you could dream And five-cent dishes of ice-cream, More hurdy-gurdys passed our way And then a Circus came one day In June; now doesn't that seem queer? I like them later in the year. I'm glad I had that patent bank It opened with a splendid key That Father always kept for me For fear it might get lost or bent, And then I couldn't get a cent. I s'pose I will get burned a bit, But all the hurt comes out of it For Mother has the nicest stuff, The littlest smear is quite enough. And anyway some rags and things, Nice salvey ones tied on with strings, Just kind of make you feel the day Is not another year away. For while I'm healing up I'll think Of how those rockets made me blink.







#### The

# One Who Goes to School

To see how much I know,

I'll soon know how to add and spell;

My teacher told me so.

Sit down beside me on the step;

I'll show you how to read—

I heard my teacher say that I

Learned very fast indeed.

That word is do and that is you

The little one is see;

And do you see the box it says:

Now say it after me.

And next is I and see and the,

And box: I see the box.

You can. The picture is below:

Those yellow things like blocks.

And now we'll add. What's one and one?

Why, two; exactly right!

You boys are most as bright as I.

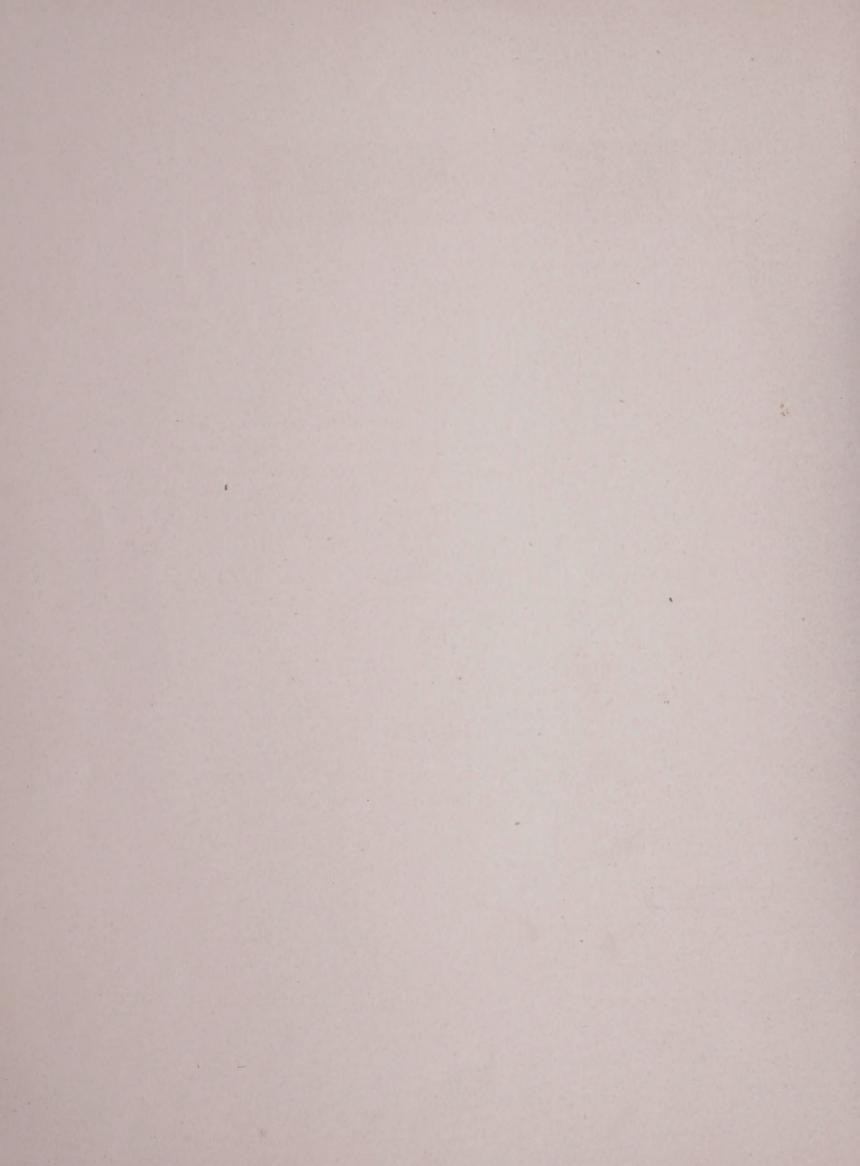
I knew it at first sight.

My teacher says if I keep on,

Before the year is done,

I will have read my book all through

And need another one!



## The Indians



H, what a terrifying noise!
I thought it surely was the boys,
So, when I heard that awful roar,
I crept up softly to the door;
And there were *Indians*: one or two!
I'd keep away if I were you.

I thought the one behind the door Was Harold till I looked once more, But Harold never had such streaks Of red and yellow on his cheeks, And then I never saw him wear Great turkey feathers in his hair.

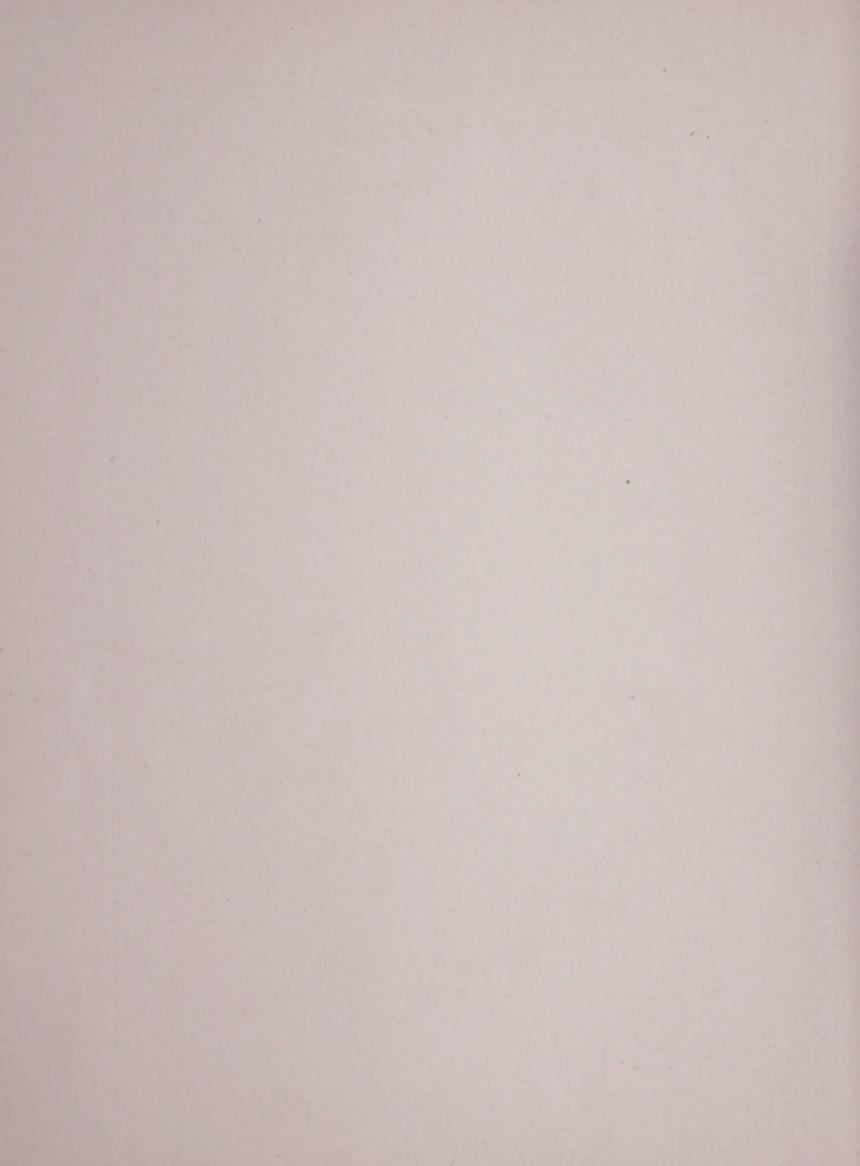
And from the corner, I could see
Another savage glare at me,
A knitted afghan wrapped him round.
He yelled; it was an awful sound!
A shining knife was in his hand.
It scared me: I could scarcely stand!

I hurried off for I should say
It wasn't safe to go that way,
I've seen some Indians on the street
Who looked quite kind and fairly neat,
But these wild creatures that have come
Will turn us out of house and home.

It seems to me that I've been told That savage people are controlled By kindness; and perhaps it's true, I think I'll see what I can do. I'll set some cookies on the floor Quite softly; just inside the door.







## Sister's Baby

HEN Sister's in the easy chair

Her little baby looks so small,

As Sister holds her cuddled there,

She's scarcely any size at all.

And Sister lifts her easily,

But she is quite a load for me.

She's slippery too, and always slides,
Altho' I try to hold her tight.

Her head's her heaviest part besides,
And often tips most out of sight.

The stork that brought her must have found
She was quite hard to carry round.

#### When

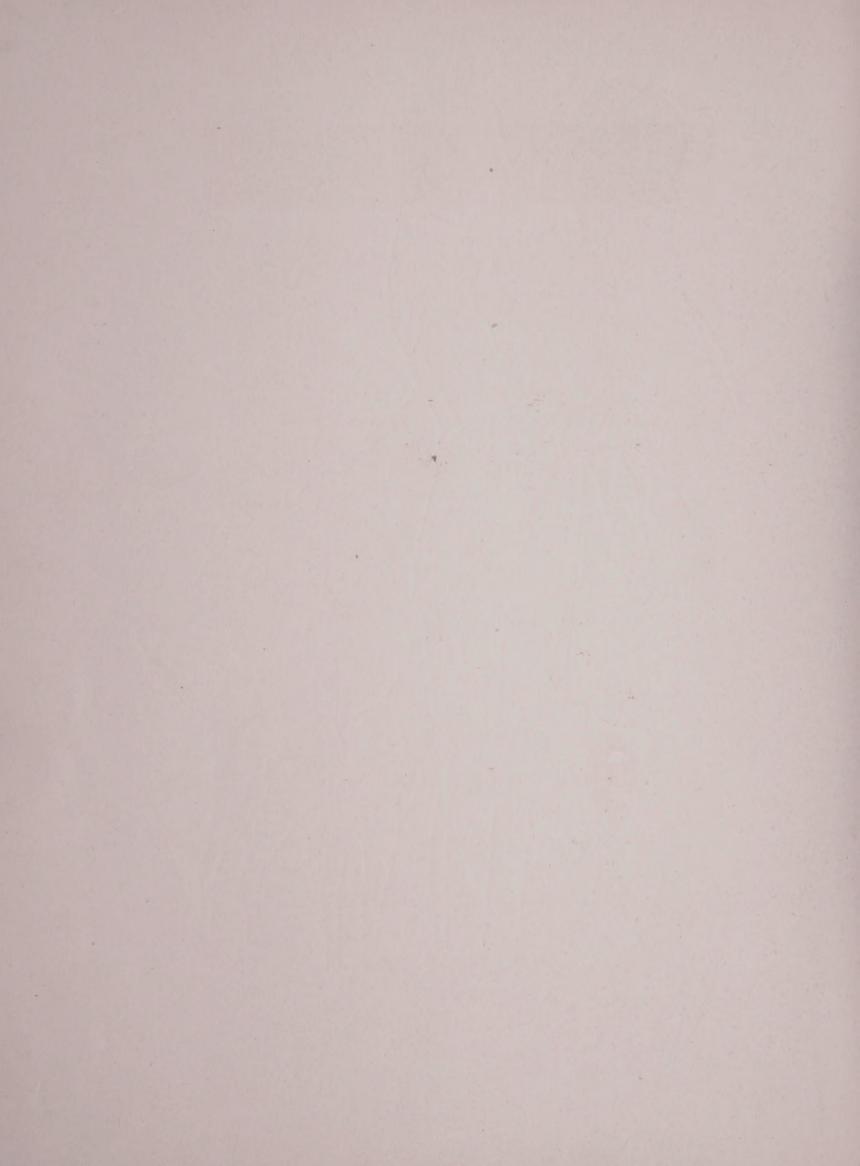
# Regula Plays With Rupert

HEN Regula plays with Rupert
She's just as sweet as sweet,
She never cheats or moves the ball
Or shoves it with her feet.

She doesn't always want to win,
But, strange as it may be,
These things all seem to happen
When Regula plays with me.









### Father





HAVE the most beautifl'est Father,

And always, wherever I go,
I notice the fathers about me,

And mine is the nicest I know.

And when he comes in from the hunting,

Then everyone thinks he is fine;

I don't care how much they admire him,

I know that my Father is mine.

And now I've decided a question

That always has bothered me quite;

I never will grow a bit older,

But stay just the age of tonight.

For all the grown-up girls are heavy,

Too heavy for any one's knee—

I 'spect that they wish they were little,

Exactly as little as me.

But if I should grow, not intending,
As soon as I'm lovely and tall,
If Mother will let me, I'll marry
My Father; that's all.



# 泰

## The Donkey



E couldn't make our donkey go,

No matter how we coaxed and tried.

And when he moved, he went too slow,

Although we whipped him some beside.

But suddenly my sister Nan

Thought up a really splendid plan.

She took a fish-pole and a string,

And on it tied a bunch of hay,

And held it, so the bait could swing

An inch before him all the way.

Then in the cart we sat to wait

While Nannie held the fish-pole straight.

But just the second that he spied

That hay, he started on a run,

And gave us such a lovely ride,

We really never had such fun.

Just try it if you want to see

What sport a donkey ride can be.



## In Great Haste



Hello! Is this the grocery?

Please send me up a quart of tea.

I want a camelberry cheese,

A very soft one, if you please.

Some kisses and some candies too,

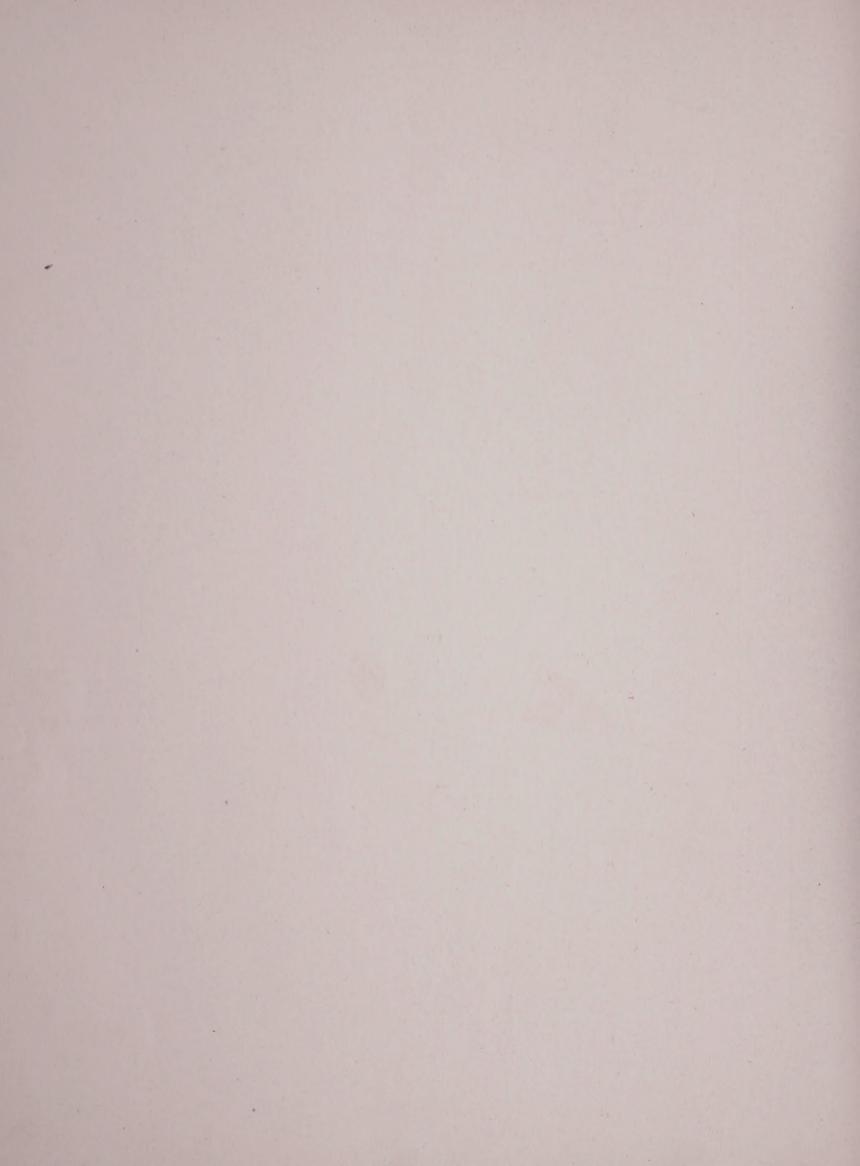
I think eleven pounds will do.

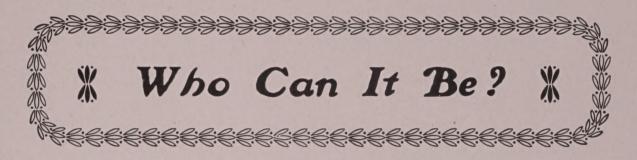
And send up seven eggs and then

The order must be here by ten,

For I have promised, without fail,

To make some salad for our sale.





"There's some one in this room I 'spise,"
Said sulky little Bee;

"I hate to see her sitting here,
'Tain't Kittie, and 'tain't me!"

"If she was tooken miles away,

Perhaps way out to sea,

I wouldn't care the leastest bit.

'Tain't Kittie, and 'tain't me!"

"Perhaps she'll guess the one I mean,"
Said scowling little Bee;

"For she's the only one that's here 'Sides Kittie and 'sides me!"

## Too Bad •

I never want my Mother

To play at making tea

But what she's letting out the tucks

In some small frock for me.





I've had powders and pills to cure up my ills,
A plaster is under my vest,
And some stuff in a spoon (I'll get more of it soon)
That really is worse than the rest.

And I shudder and ache, but I patiently take
Whatever they give; for they say
It will soon make a cure, and I'm certainly sure
To mind is the very best way.

But the boy who lives here acts decidedly queer,
The moment they show him a pill,
He lies down on the floor and sets up a loud roar—
He must think it's fun to be ill.





# The Runaways

IN a coop that caught all the bright sun and the breeze

Once ten little chickens were living at ease
With their mother, a wise, O, a very wise hen,
Who told them, and taught them, and told them again
(So they shouldn't forget) how beetles are found,
And when the brown angleworms squirm from
the ground.

She scratched for their dinners, and under her wings She cuddled them often, the dear, downy things! And one thing she taught, that they never must roam If tired or frightened, but start straight for home. And yet—these bad chickens—now what will you say

When you hear that one morning they all ran away

Off under the fence, while the agonized cries
Of their mother would bring the salt tears to your eyes.
A big rooster chased them; and one didn't look
And came very near falling into the brook,
Then a dog ran out barking with all of his might
Till the ten little chickens most fainted from fright.



### The Runatuays-Continued

And a cat would have eaten them up, every one, But the little dog chased her and thought it was fun!

O, they peeped and they cheeped as loud as they could,

And they wished they were home and they wished they'd been good,

And then, right ahead of them, what did they see But a cow that looked large as a house looks to me.

They turned with wild cries, but the yellowest one Was so tired his poor little legs wouldn't run, And the one with the little black wings that went first, Tumbled down with his little bill right in the dust. Just then, do you know, there sounded quite near, The voice of their mother, so wise and so dear.

They followed the sound till they stumbled and ran Past the plate full of crumbs and their own water pan To their poor worried mother, who put them to bed And tucked them all under her wings while she said: "You went 'way round the barn, little chicks, and you came

Home tired and hungry and frightened and lame.

For to poor little, bad little chickens who stray A very short trip seems a very long way."









I heard my Mother wonder why
Our life should be so full of care,
She said it nearly made her cry
To see such trouble everywhere.
—She wouldn't wonder very long
If all her buttons buttoned wrong.



### Perfectly Simple-Continued

She says there's nothing to the day,
So many things to do in it,
And if she knew an easy way
She'd stretch the hours a little bit.
—She'd want the day cut right in two
If she had practicing to do.

My Mother loves to brush her hair
And thinks it's good for little girls,
She bids me take the greatest care
To have my teeth look just like pearls.

—I wish they didn't have to grow,
That bran' new teeth-brush scratches so.

And as for hair—you ought to see

How easily my dolly's wig

Comes off. If it was only me,

I'd leave it off till I grew big.

But then, of course, I s'pose my bumps

Would always leave much larger lumps.

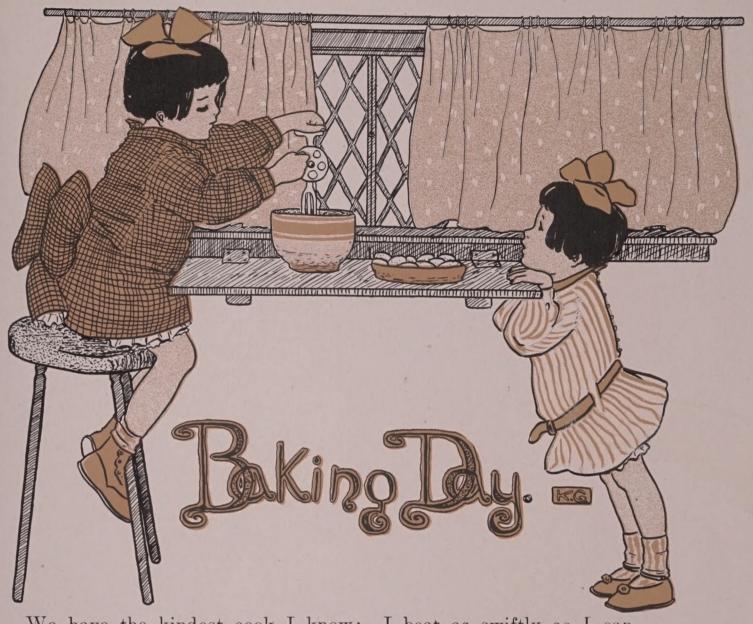
I think if Mother only knew

How many troubles I have had

And what hard things I have to do,

I think my Mother would be sad.





We have the kindest cook I know;
And baking days, she gives us dough,
And if we beg

She kneels us on a kitchen chair And lets us stay a long time there And beat the egg.

And little Anne keeps saying, "Please Let me wind one" (she's quite a tease).

I have to say
"Now Anne, don't coax, as soon as I
Have wound this egg, I'll let you try."
—That's Mother's way.

I beat as swiftly as I can,
But always there is little Anne
Who hates to wait;
Although she surely has enough
To make a cake, of lovely stuff
Fixed on a plate.

I love the little jogs I feel
Run up my elbow from the wheel
When it goes slow.
It surely was a lucky day
That brought a cook around our way
Who likes us so.





HERE are Patrick and Maude in the corner,
And Tokio up on the chair,
And Annabel Lee is the one next to me,
With the tortoise-shell combs in her hair.

And Clara and Florence were Mother's,
And Kittie; I love them the best,
For what Mother brings of her own little things
Are dearer than all of the rest.

Over there by the window is Polly,

She is such a nice squeezable one,

The doll by the books, as you see by her looks,

Is too dressy to be any fun.

Mrs. Brummelkin lives with her children
In the beautiful house by the door.
Then, I'm sorry to say, there's a doll put away
Too broken to use any more.

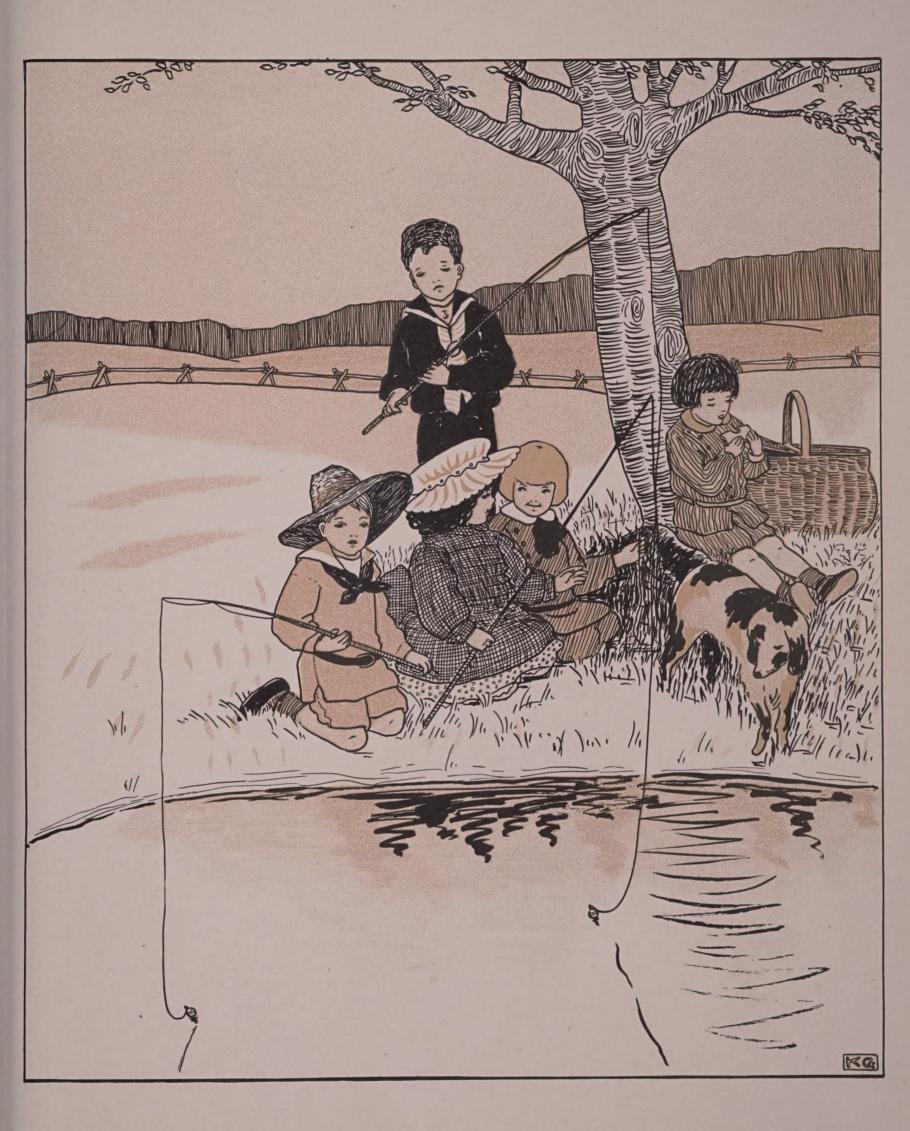
But Clara and Florence and Kittie

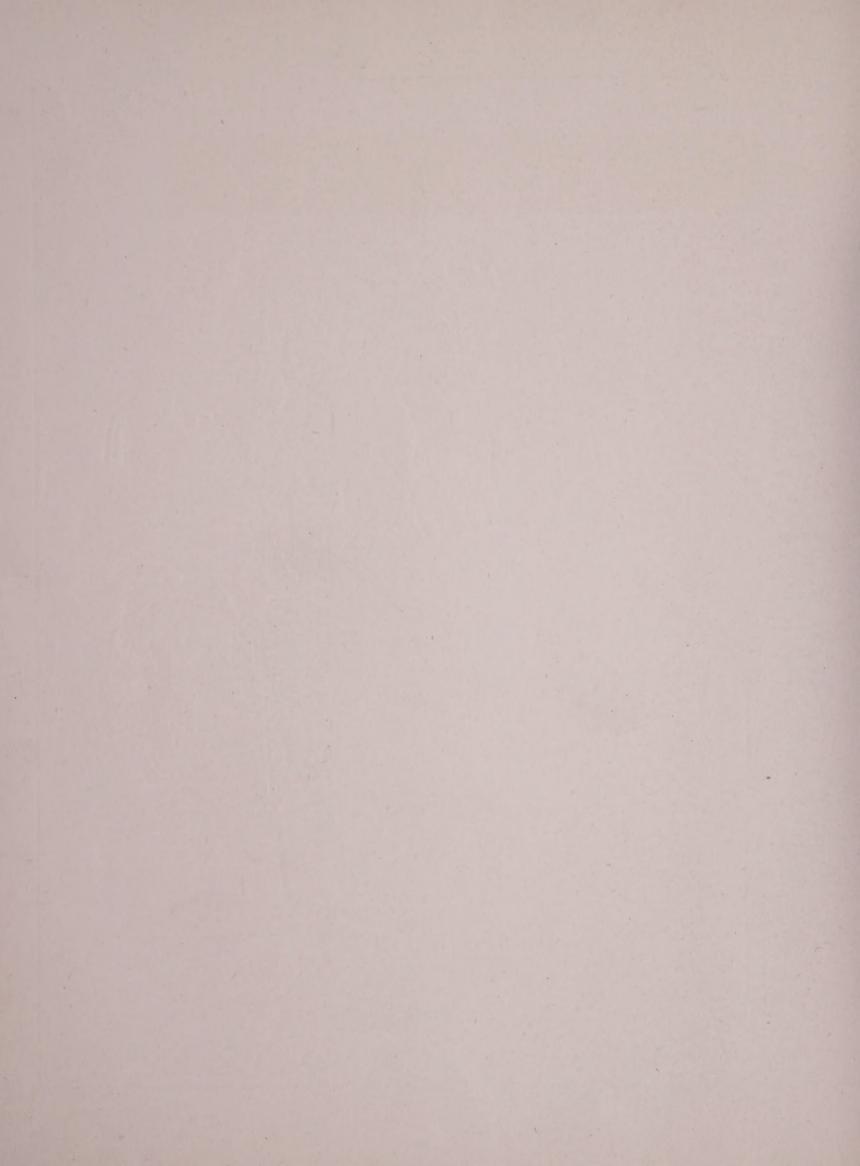
Were Mother's a long time ago,

Years ago; so these three are the dearest to me,

But I don't let the other dolls know.







# The Fishing Party

WE ALL went fishing Saturday

And took some lunch so we could stay

And have a nice long time to play.

And first we raised the basket lid

To see if Mother really did

Put in the tarts that Mary hid.

The tarts were there—we each took one,
And then another: 'twas such fun!
And then we gave the dog a run.

And then we rested in the shade

And ate some crackers while we played

The boys were bears; Meg grew afraid.

And so to comfort her we threw
In sticks for Don. The water flew—
We all got wet a bit, 'tis true.

Then Meg was hungry and we found Some nice cold meat and passed it round And ate it, sitting on the ground.



#### The Fishing Party-Continued

And then we got our fish-lines out
And on the bank we sat about
And tried and tried to catch a trout.

We couldn't catch one anyway, You really need a cloudy day, And Don kept jumping in to play.

> We fished for hours I think, until We all grew tired of sitting still, And went to playing with a will.

Then suddenly we thought we'd eat Our tarts and sandwiches and meat, A picnic dinner was a treat.

But when we went to look for it

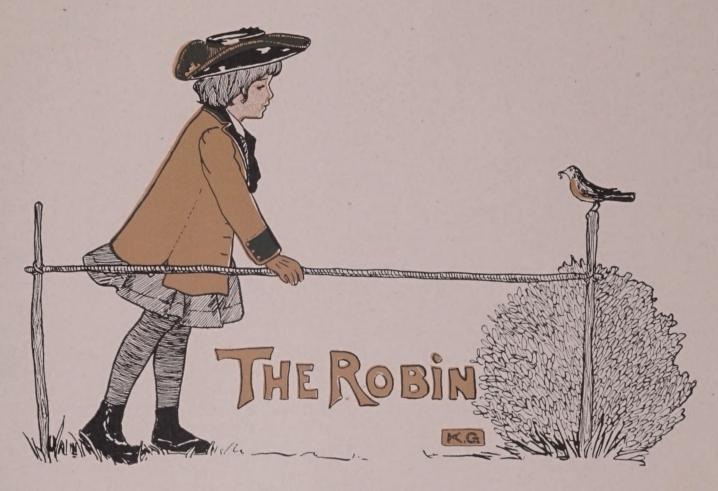
Some one had eaten every bit.

We thought that Meg would have a fit.

And so we thought that we must see If we'd reach home in time for tea, We all were hungry as could be.

But when we hurried up the drive And thought it must be four or five, 'Twas only *one*, as I'm alive!





When I was out to-day
I heard a robin sing,
"Till-ee, till-oo," he said,
And so it must be spring.

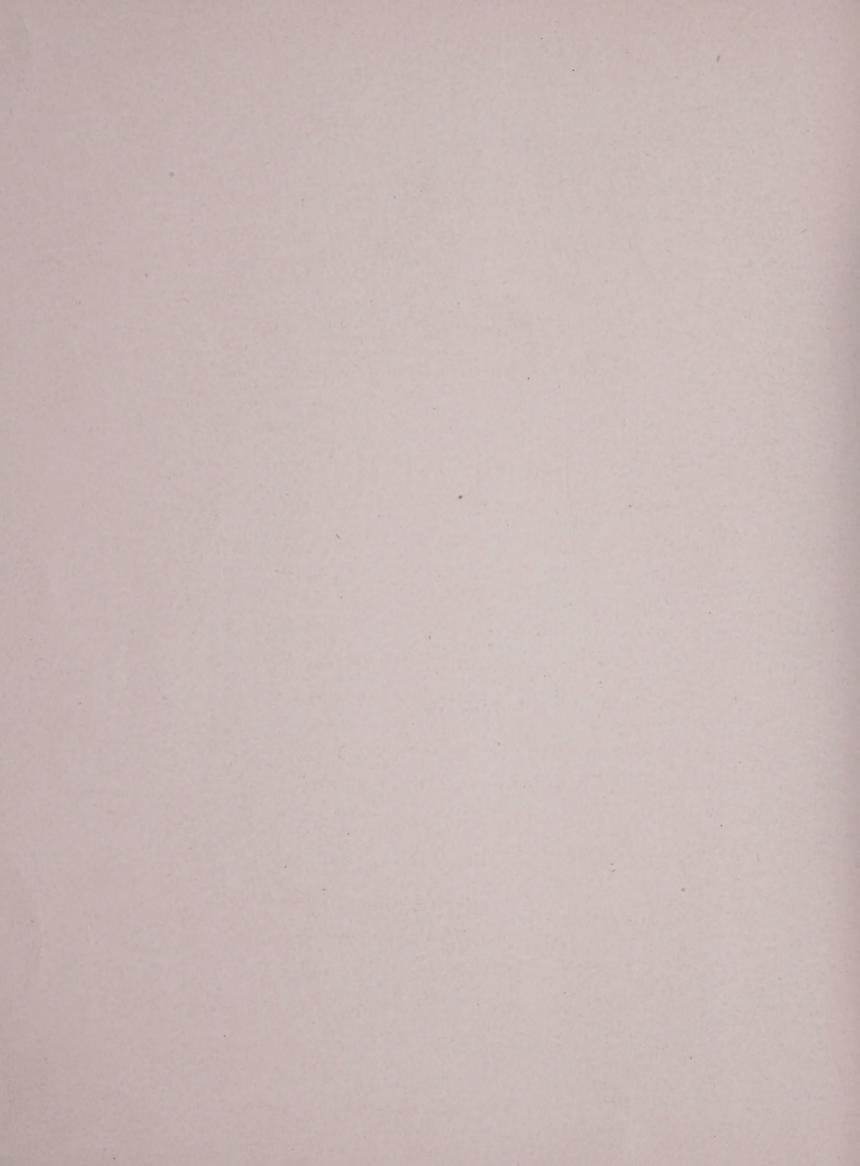
It's funny how he knows

When every thing is grey,

No bud upon the rose,

Nor on the lilac spray.

But just because he's here,
We very soon will see
The little baby leaves
Come out on every tree.







TOP is such a silly toy

It's awf'ly stupid for a boy,

I noticed that they always drop

Just when you want them not to stop.

My father's steam launch rushes round
And makes a loud and scary sound,
But all this tin one does is snub
Its nose along against the tub.

And there's that railway on the floor,

It doesn't suit me any more,

The engine won't go past the switch

Without a tumble or a hitch.

I'll tell you, down the alley there,
You know that boy with bright red hair?
He's got a goat, a little one,
And I can tell you, that's the fun!



#### Something Wrong-Continued

He leads it with a piece of string, It pulls and jerks like anything, And though it's little as can be, It bunts it's head quite hard at me.

They let him keep it in the house, I'm sure it's still as any mouse. If I had one, I'd keep it there Between the table and the chair.

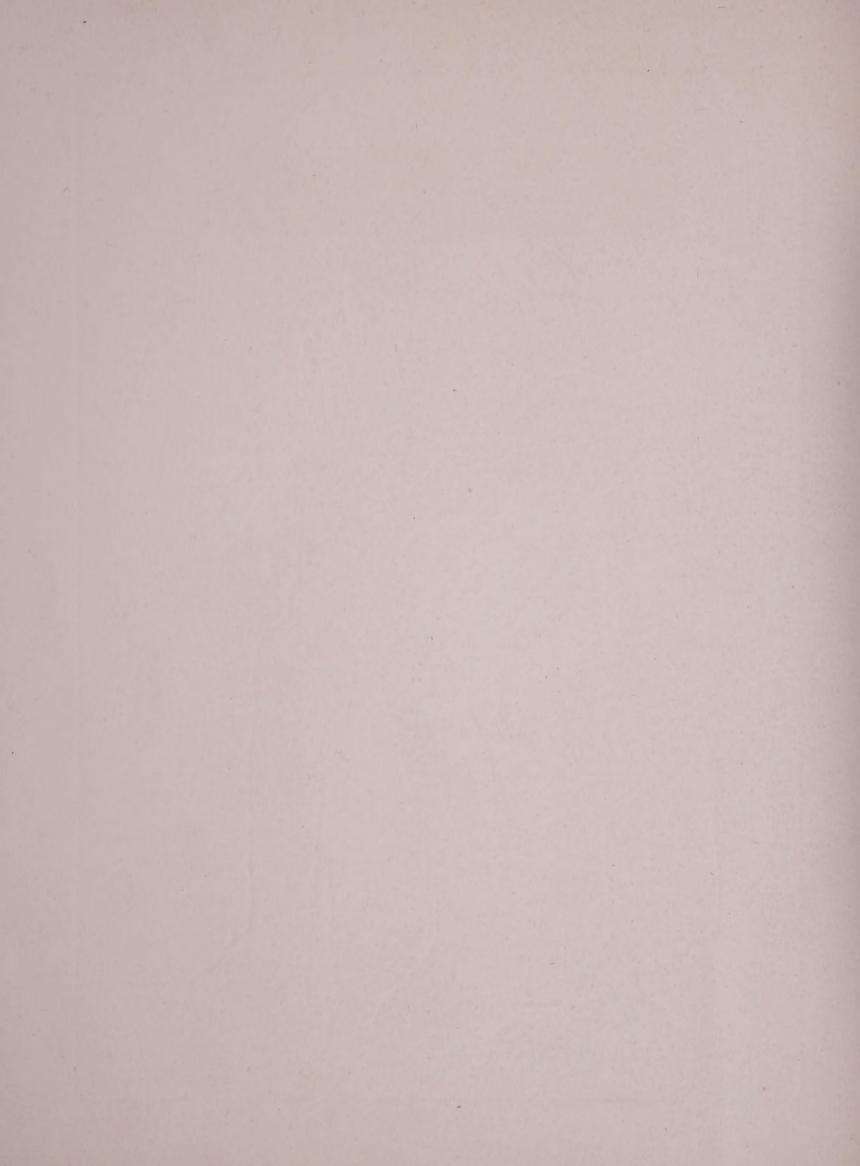
I'd build a little wagon too,
The way I saw his father do,
It takes a soap box and some wheels,
And how that little wagon squeals!

D'you think if I kept good a year,
And minded everybody here,
And brushed my teeth and combed my hair,
And took my playthings off the stair,
And wore that shirt that scrapes my throat,
D'you s'pose they'd let me keep a goat?









## Going to the Party

ON'T stand and stare at me like that!

I wish you'd find my other hat.

I've half a notion not to go—

Your standing round has fussed me so.

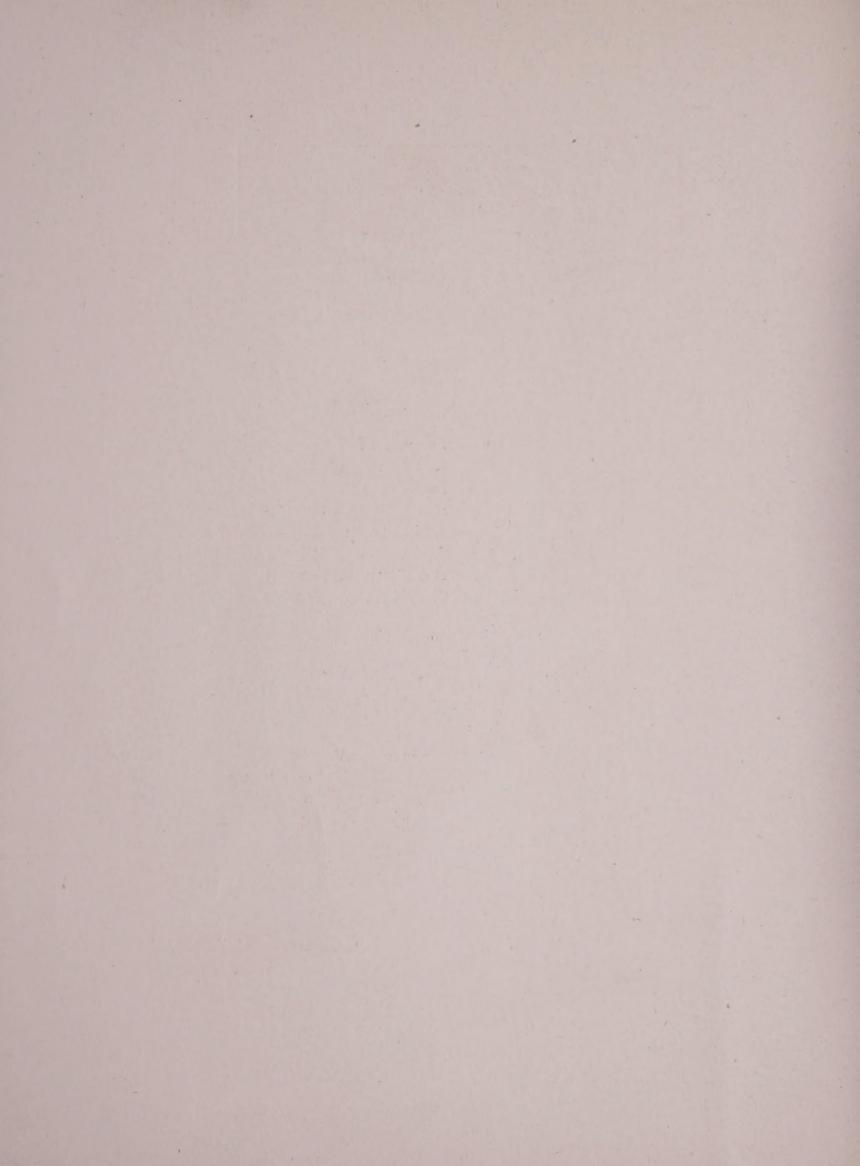
Of course I'll go; don't start to cry

You know that nurse will ask you why.

I say it's fun to be a girl,
And have your hair all put in curl,
And dress in something soft and fine,
Not hard and stiff like things of mine,
And then they stick a bow on top,
Just any way it likes to flop;
But if my necktie twists a bit
They fuss and fuss and fuss with it.

These party trousers are so tight
They're apt to burst; I'd be a sight
Stuck full of pins, I'd bet you then
You'd wish you had me home again.
I'm sure they won't. Don't cry, I'll go
Unless your nose is swollen so.
Why, when you cry you always look
Just like that picture in my book;
You know the one. Well, just like that
Essept your nose is not so fat.

Don't talk or hurry me, or fret
Till I can get this blacking wet,
Then all that I will have to do
Is black and polish up this shoe,
And tie my tie so it will stay,
And part my hair the other way
I wish I were a girl like you
On party days, indeed I do.









### Jane



As fat and furry as can be
And in the Park I ride him round;
But he's so very near the ground,
I'll never feel on him, it's plain,
The way I do when riding Jane.

So all the winter long in town
I'm nearly dying to get down
To Father's farm to run and see
If dear old Jane remembers me,
And then they saddle her and I
Climb up; Jane's back is awf'ly high!

The first few times there seemed to be Fine prickly shivers over me,
She was so high! I never told
For fear they'd take me off, or hold
The bridle, and I knew quite well
Jane wouldn't like a child to tell.
I'll tell you something funny, Jane
Can hear my little thinks as plain
As if I spoke. I never knew
A horse could be so bright: did you?



#### Jane - Continued

Jane never told the time that I

Fell off so hard I had to lie

Asleep a minute under her,

She never made a single stir,

And I woke up amazed to see

That dear old Jane was kissing me.

It's true, because she pulled my hair

And made it wet and sticky there.

Jane never told, nor I. You know

They always seem to worry so.

And so on Jane I ride and ride

Across the fields so green and wide,

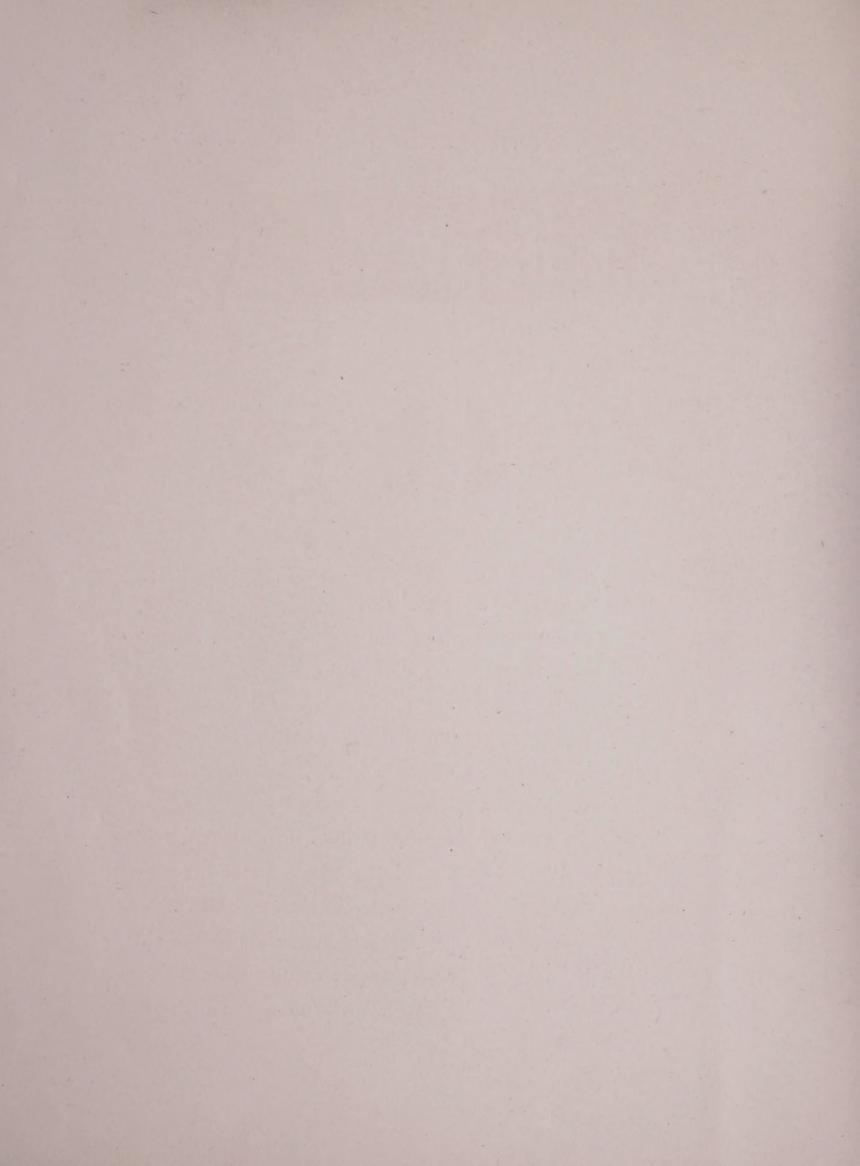
All through the orchards cool and sweet,

The boughs most scrape me from my seat,

And little apples turning red

Fall down and hit me on my head.

And sometimes, just for fun, I play
I'm Mother; then I ride her way
And borrow Mary's skirt to hide
My feet and flutter down the side,
And then we canter down the lane.
I have such happy days with Jane.





WO little girls that I know well

Are twins, and where they go

The people take their photographs,

It is such fun, you know.

You can't tell which of them is which
Though trying all the while,
Except that Polly's picture wears
The queerest little smile.

They're always seen together too,

And when upon the street

The people say "How dear they are,

They're just alike; how sweet!"

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## The Twins-Continued

But there's a side, a *horrid* side

To this, that folks don't see,
As when the pills for Polly's ills

Are given to Marie.

They're so discouraged that they both
Answer to either name,
Marie is scolded, nothing loath
To shoulder Polly's blame.

Marie gets petted for a bump

That's right on Polly's head,

And once when Polly had been bad

Marie was sent to bed!







## His Valentine



I made a lovely heart
Of paper, white and fine,
And wrote across it, "May
I be your Valentine?"

And then I cut the edge
In scriggles all around,
And underneath I stuck
Some pretty silk I found.

And then I painted on

A flower. I do not know

Essactly what it was,

I never saw one grow.

Next thing I did it up

And had my Father write.

Then put it by the door

And ran with all my might.

My Mother was amazed,

And it was fun to see

How many names she guessed

Before she thought of me.





Said the fuzzy little cat to the curly little boy,

"I should think you would catch you a mouse,

Or a nice little rat would be fine for a toy,

You could chase it all over the house."

Said the curly little boy to the fuzzy little cat,

"Why don't you try to play with a top?

If I do make a toy of a live little rat

Down the very first hole he would pop."



